

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

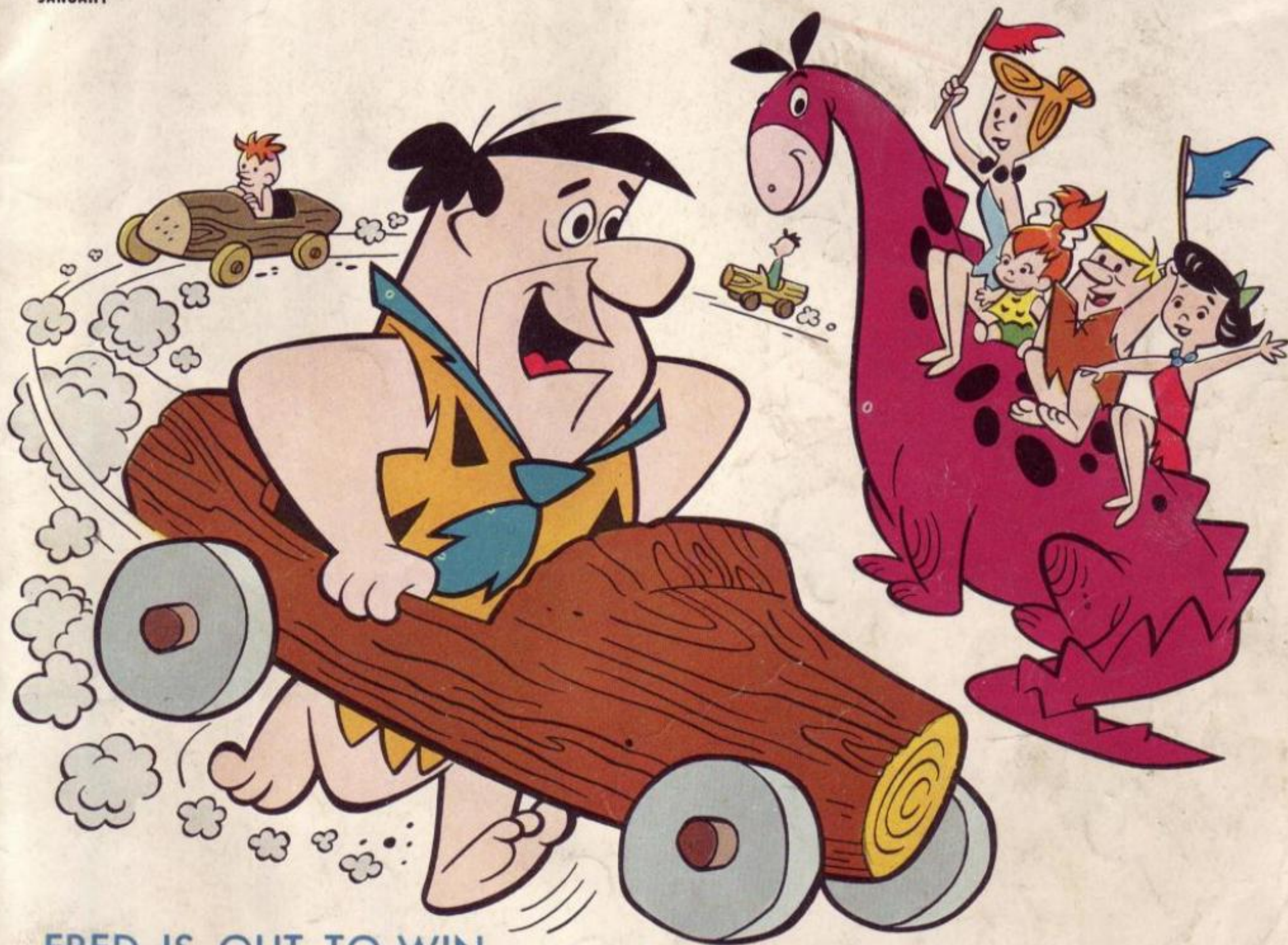
STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

10006-401

JANUARY



FRED IS OUT TO WIN  
THE GREAT STONE AGE HOT ROD RACE

INTRODUCING  
THE RUBBLES'  
NEW BUNDLE  
OF NOISE...

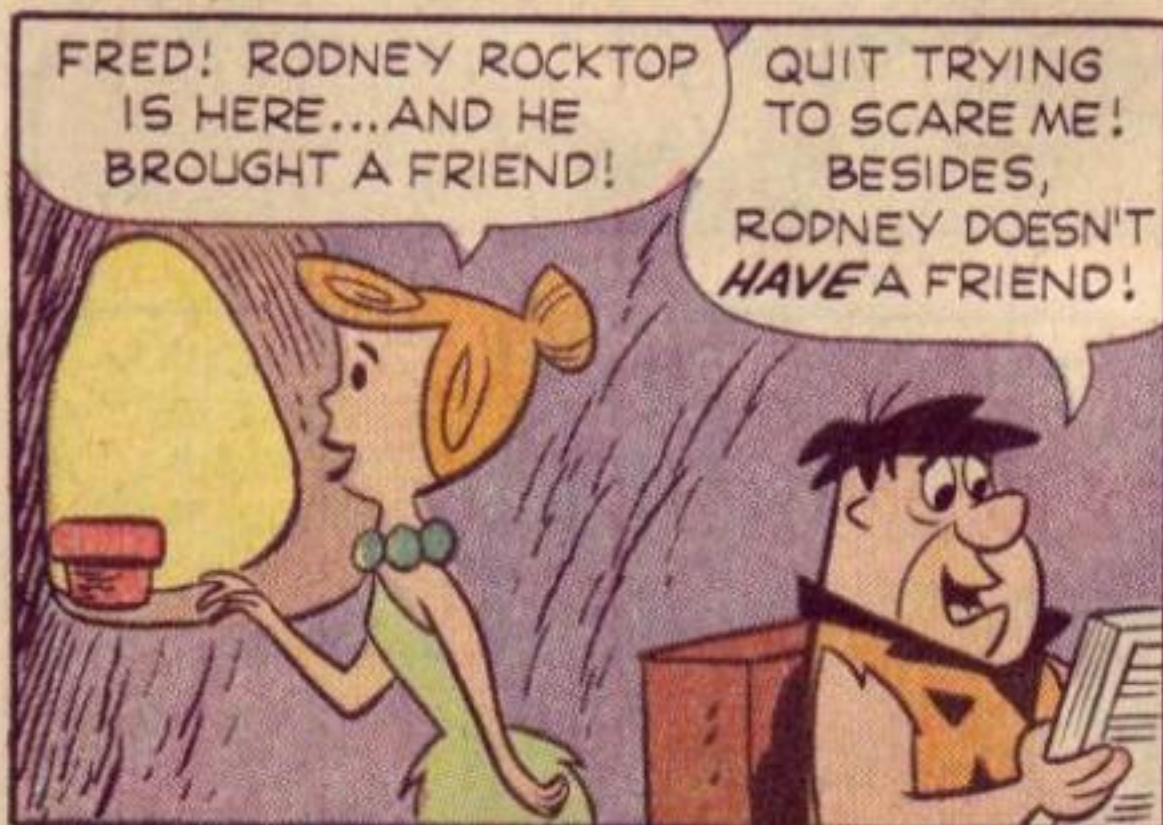
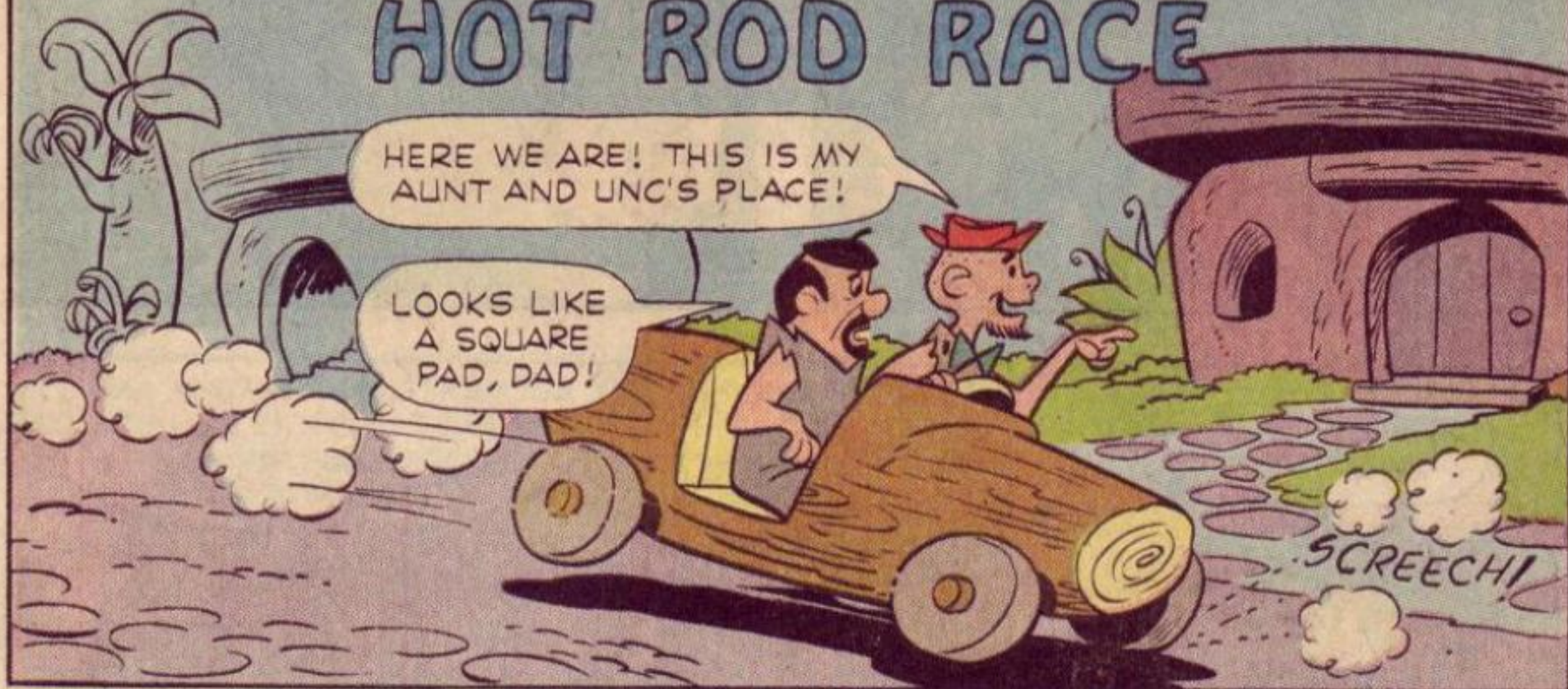


BAMM-  
BAMM!



Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

# THE GREAT STONE AGE HOT ROD RACE

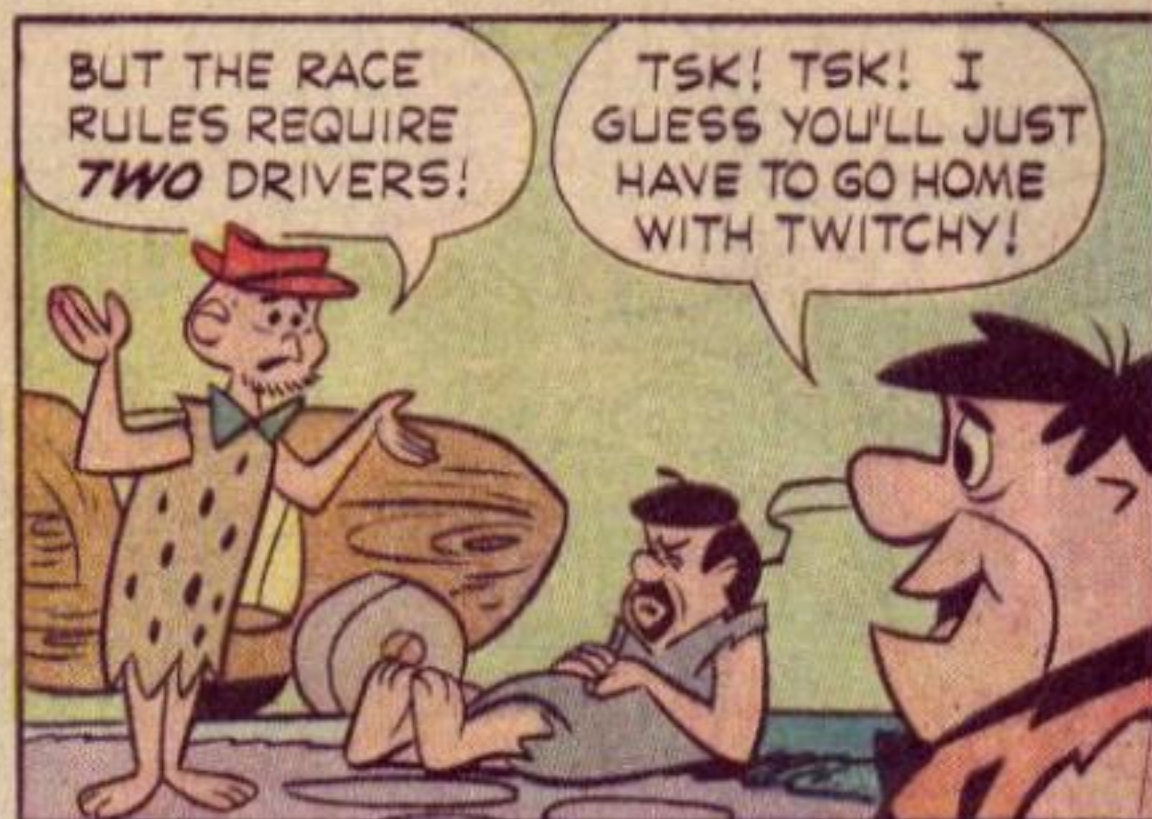


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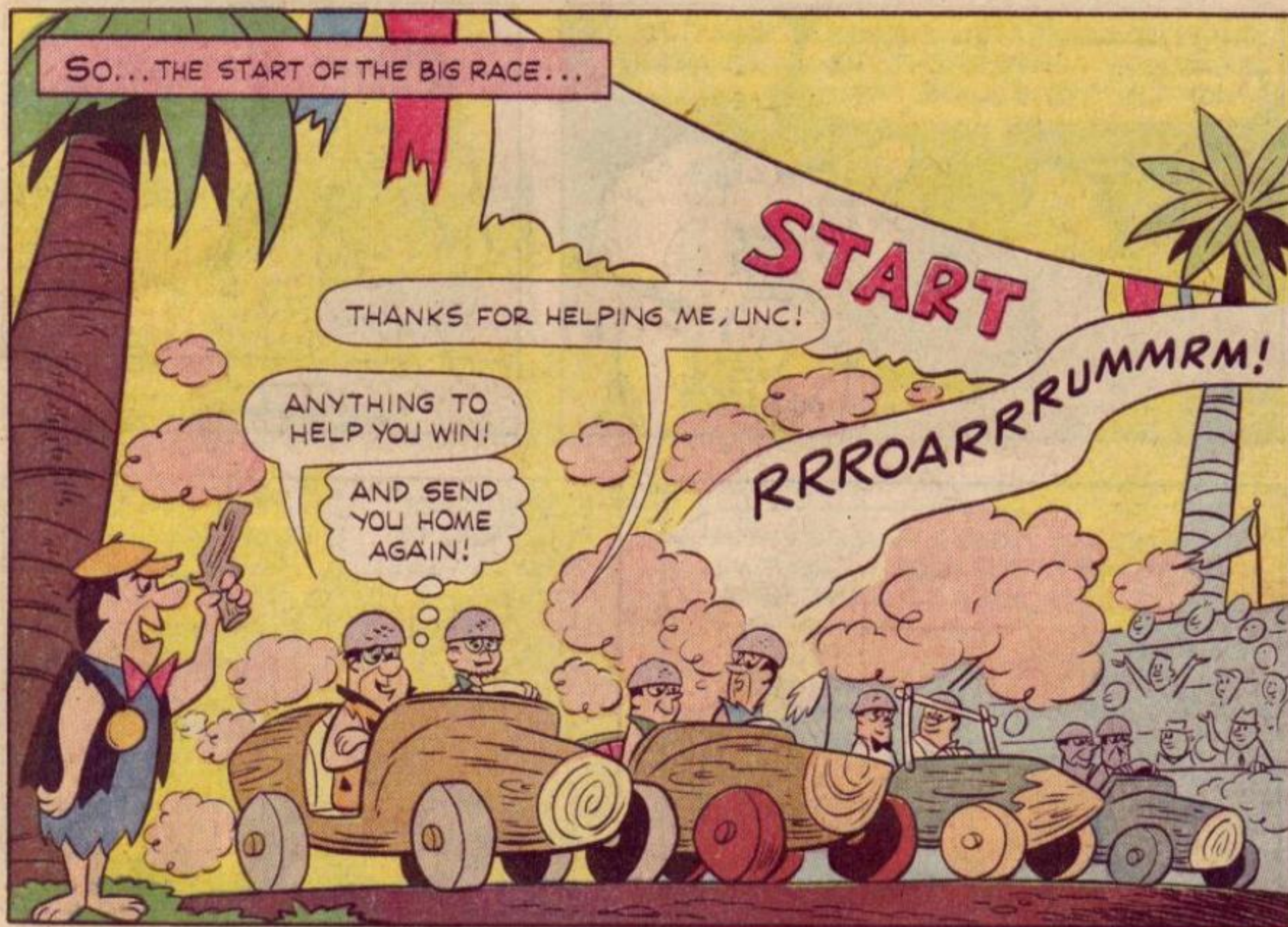
















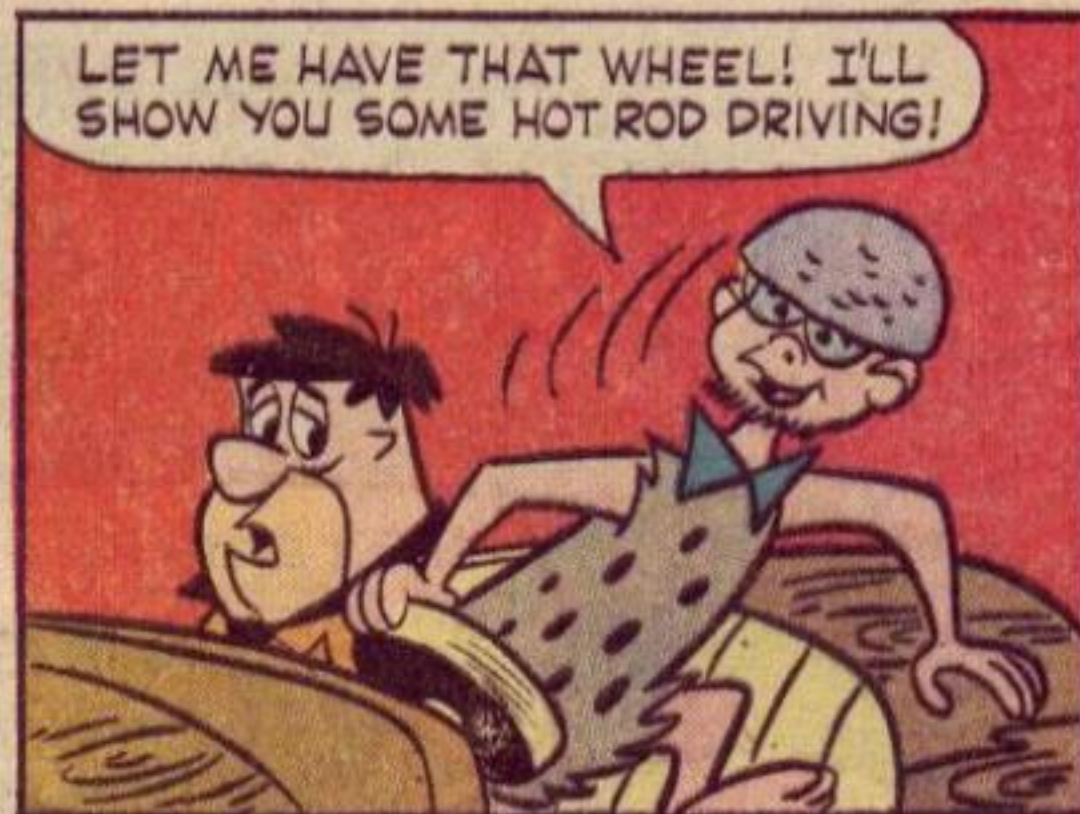




FRED MAY NOT BE ASLEEP, BUT HE'S DROWSY ENOUGH TO TURN OFF ON THE WRONG ROAD...



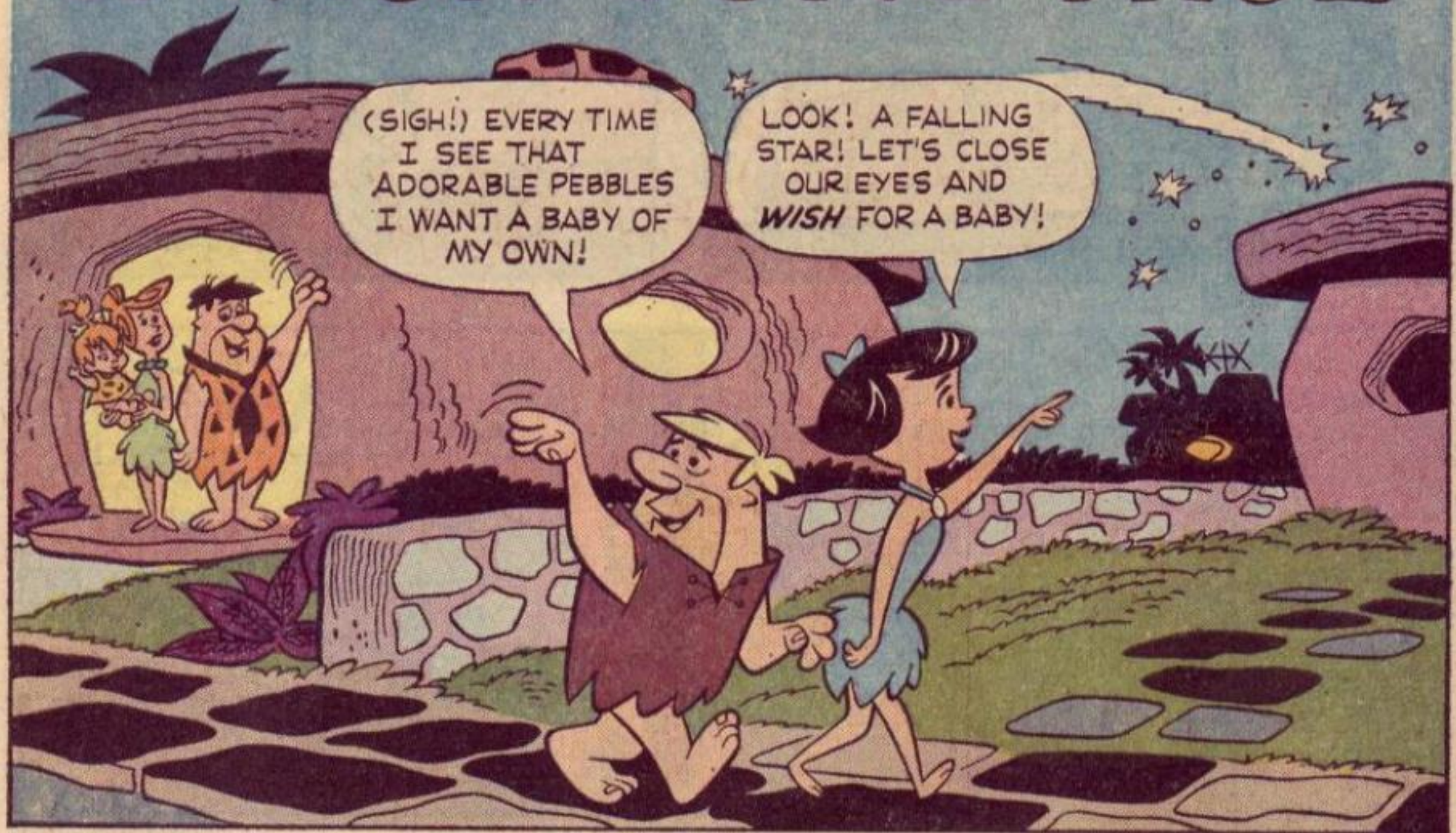






Hanna-Barbera BAMB-BAMB

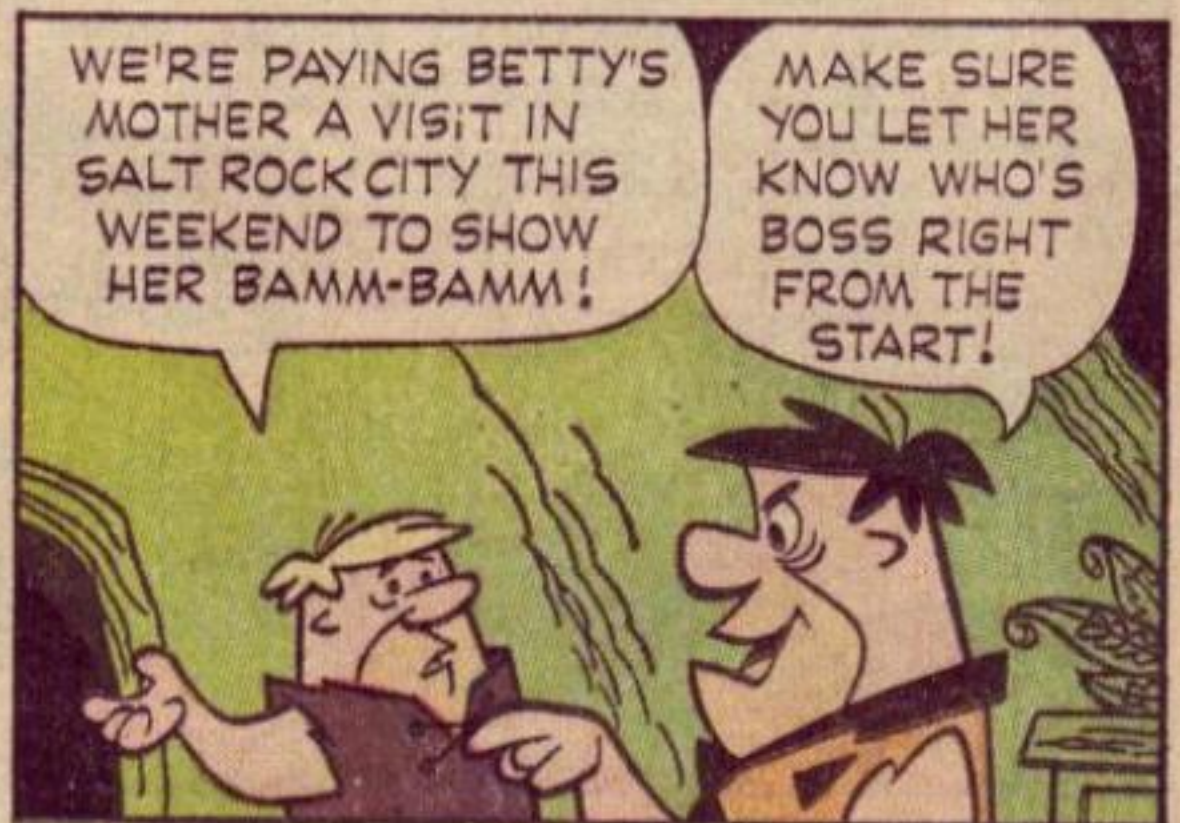
# A WISH COME TRUE



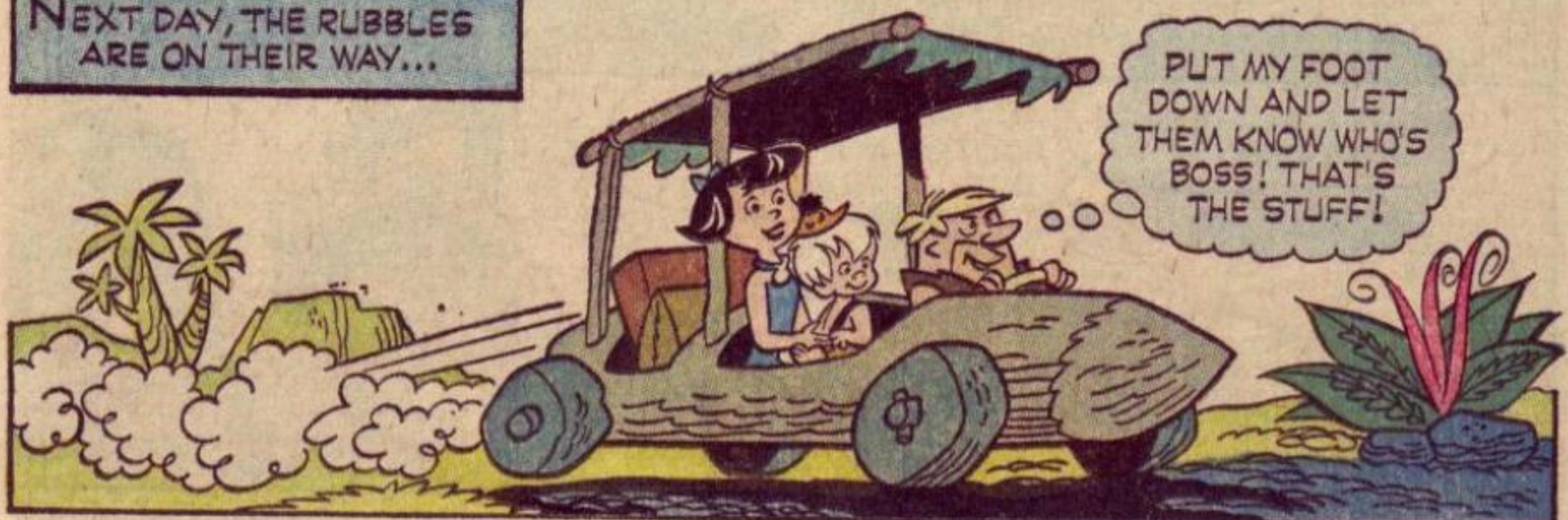








NEXT DAY, THE RUBBLES ARE ON THEIR WAY...





SOON THE RUBBLES ARE AT BETTY'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT...

HE'S SO ADORABLE!  
I JUST KNOW HE  
COULD WIN THE  
SALT ROCK CITY  
BABY BEAUTY  
CONTEST!

UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE  
IT'S TIME TO LET THEM  
KNOW WHO'S BOSS  
AROUND HERE!

NO SON OF MINE IS GOING TO  
ENTER A SISSY BABY CONTEST,  
AND *THAT'S FINAL!*

SHORTLY...

ITTY BAMB-  
BAMB IS  
GOING TO A  
BABY CONTEST!

AT LEAST  
THEY KNOW  
WHO'S BOSS  
NOW! *THEY*  
ARE!

(GRUMBLE!) HE LOOKS MORE LIKE  
A GIRL THAN A BOY!

NONSENSE! HE'S CUTE  
THAT WAY!

CUTE? HMPH! YOU'D RATHER  
BE ROUGH AND TOUGH LIKE  
YOUR POP, RIGHT?

BAMB! BAMB-BAMB!

AT THE BABY SHOW...

SALT ROCK CITY  
BEAUTIFUL BABY  
CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE TO  
RICKY ROCK AS THE  
CUTEST BOY BABY!

WELL, WE MIGHT  
AS WELL GO HOME!





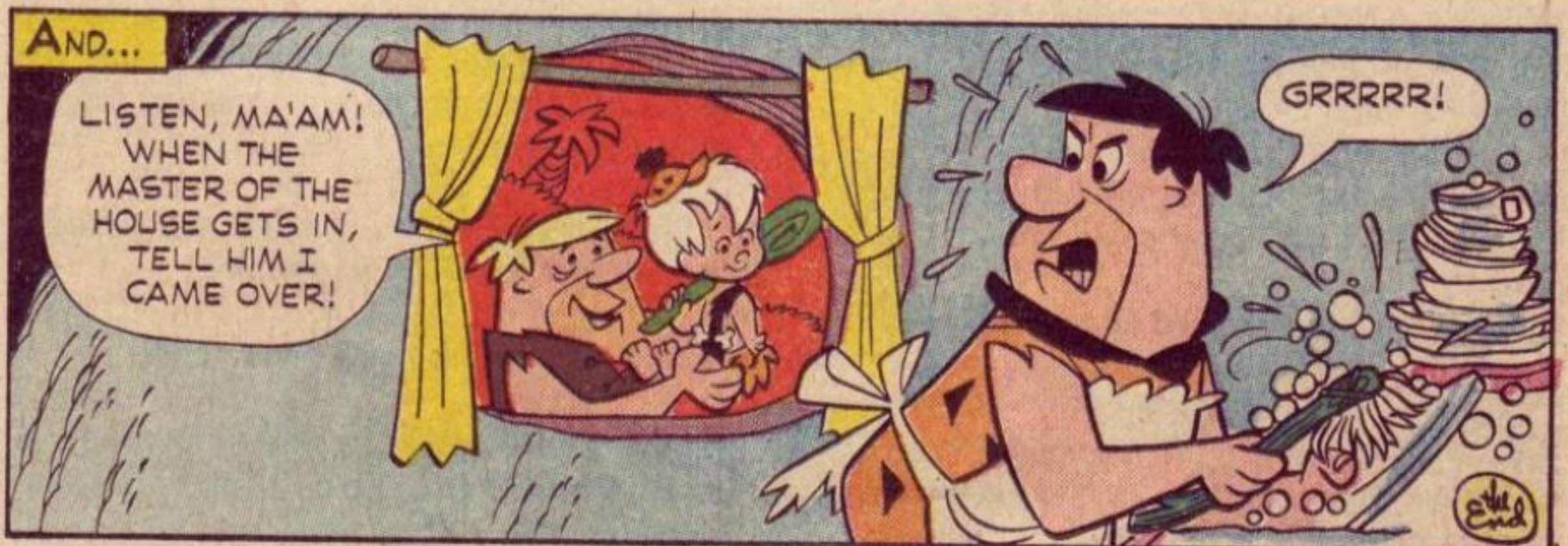
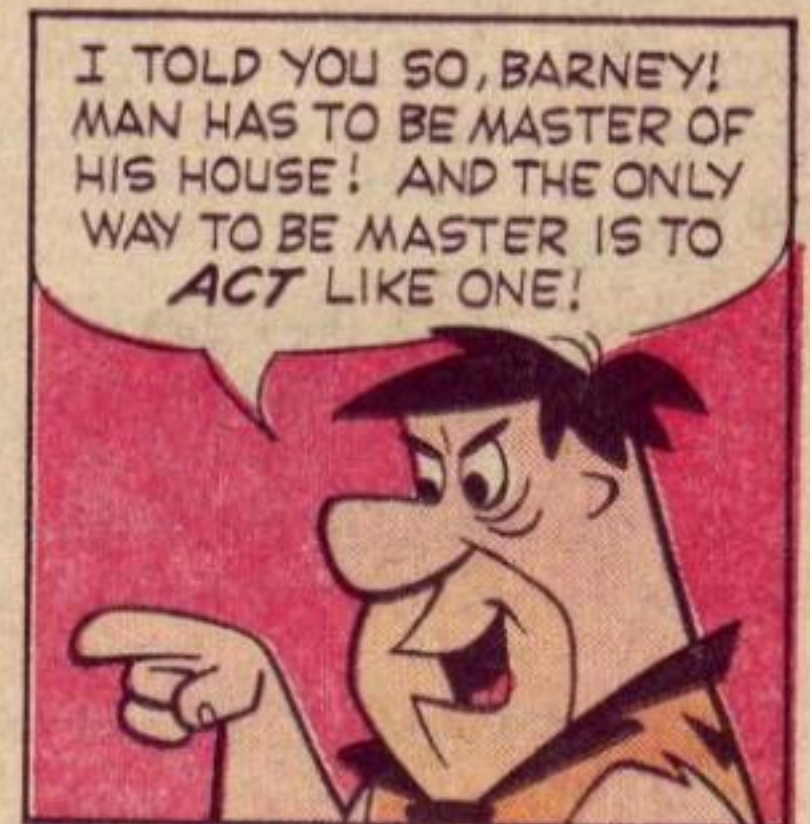














# DIARY OF A PRIVATE EYE



8:20 A.M.—Captured a gang of international smugglers and received a ten-thousand-dollar reward.

8:30 A.M.—The alarm clock woke me up from my dream. Jumped out of bed.

8:36 A.M.—Stubbed toe on edge of bed as I rushed across room to turn off alarm.

8:36 to 8:55 A.M.—Cried and yelled.

8:56 A.M.—Threw alarm clock out.

9:00 A.M.—Put two three-minute eggs on to cook for my breakfast.

9:30 A.M.—Took the eggs off the stove and ate them. Tasted slightly overdone.

9:52 A.M.—Strapped on my gun and my badge and put on my hat. Left my apartment to go to the office.

9:52½ A.M.—Ran back to apartment. Took off my bathrobe and put on my suit.

10:10 A.M.—Arrived at the office and began my day's work.

4:45 P.M.—Just finished my fifth crossword puzzle . . . a pretty good day's work.

4:46 P.M.—A man walked into my office with a very big case for me.

4:52 P.M.—Case closed. The man opened it and filled my cooler with twenty-four bottles of soda pop.

5:29 P.M.—Started to slam the office door. Another day over. Slammed the door on Mrs. Winthrop's. Gotdough's foot.

5:29 P.M. to 6:11 P.M.—She cried and yelled a lot about her sore foot.

6:11 P.M. to 6:40 P.M.—She cried and yelled a lot about losing her pet puppy. Offered me a hundred-dollar reward to find the lost puppy.

6:40¼ P.M.—Started looking for puppy.

9:30 P.M.—Combed the city looking for the dog. Broke all the teeth in my comb.

9:42 P.M.—Saw a poodle and grabbed it. Found out it belonged to a very tall man with a very short temper. He hit me in the mouth for grabbing his poodle.

9:43 to 10:00 P.M.—Cried and yelled a lot. New teeth cost money.

10:20 P.M.—Began searching the woods on edge of town. Saw a cute black puppy with a white stripe down its back. Grabbed it and discovered it wasn't a puppy at all.

10:30 P.M.—Rushed home and burned my suit. Had to!

11:00 P.M.—Put on clean suit and then hurried to Mrs. Gotdough's house.

11:15 P.M.—Told Mrs. Gotdough that I could not find her puppy. She told me that she hadn't said "puppy," she had said "guppy" and that she'd found it a few minutes earlier. It was swimming with her other two thousand and four guppies in her huge fish tank. She explained she must have miscounted the fish that afternoon.

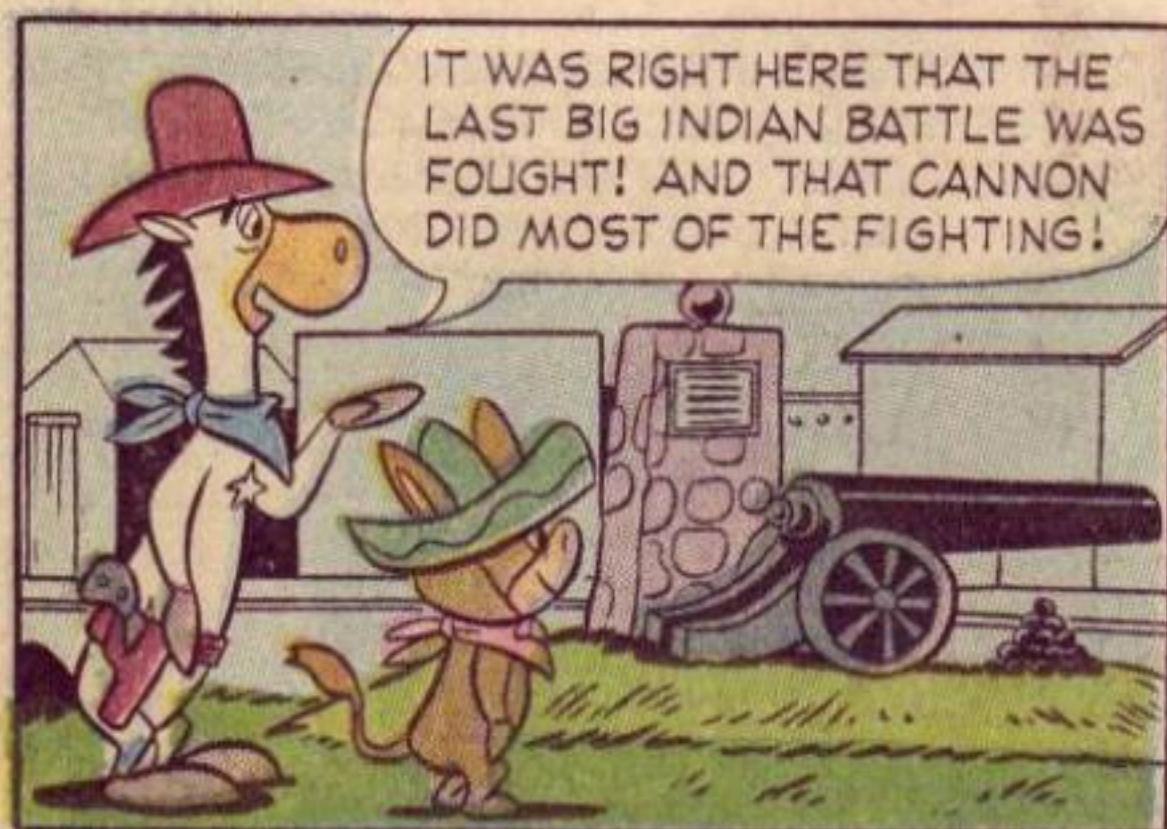
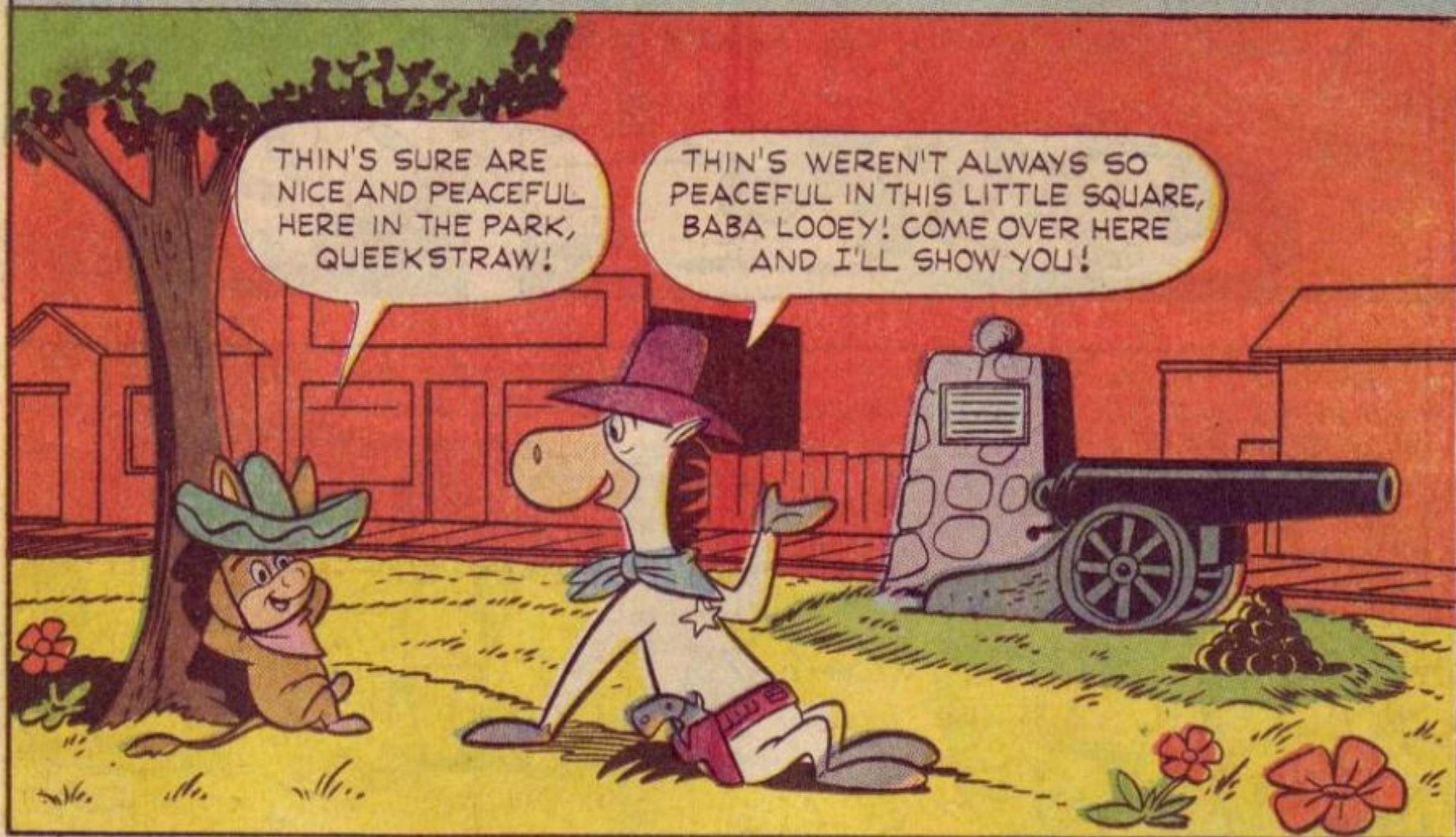
11:15 to 11:30 P.M.—I cried and yelled a lot. All that work . . . for nothing!

11:45 P.M.—Went home and to bed.

11:51 P.M.—Captured a gang of international smugglers and received a reward of ten thousand dollars!



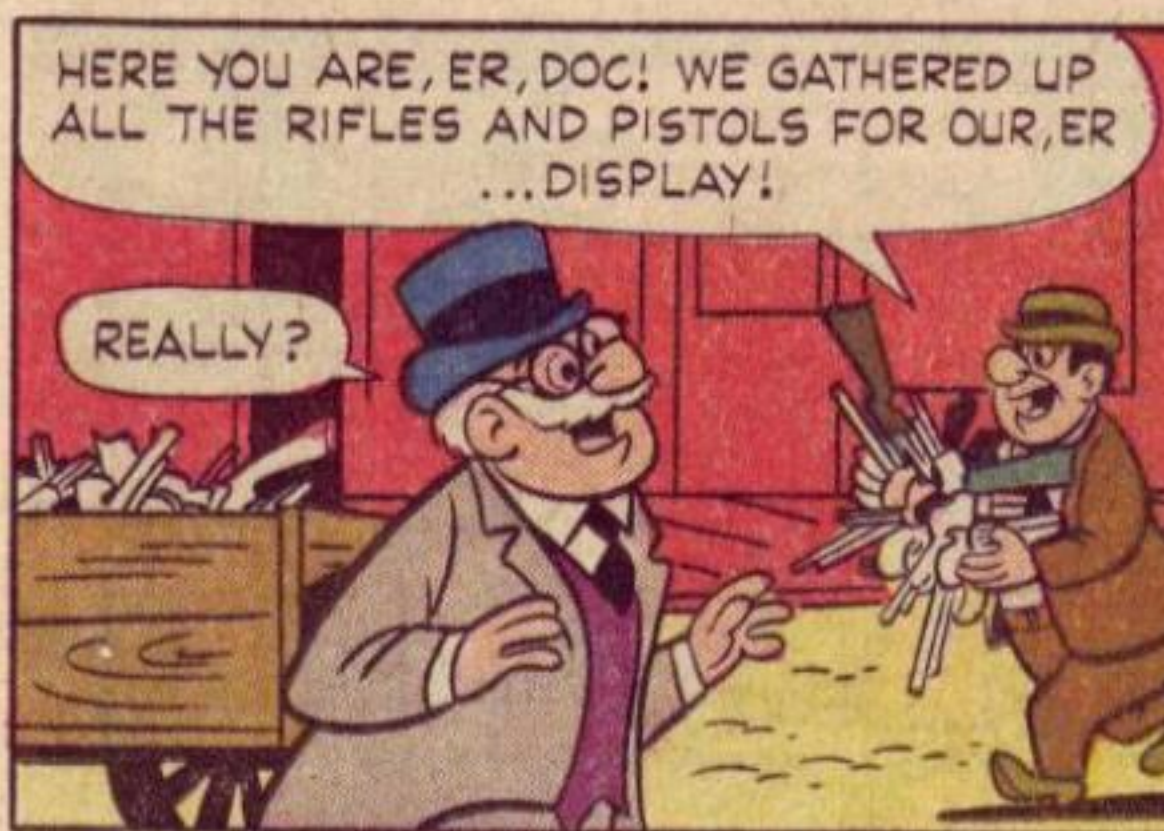
Hanna-Barbera QUICK DRAW MCGRAW  
**TWO TON GUN**



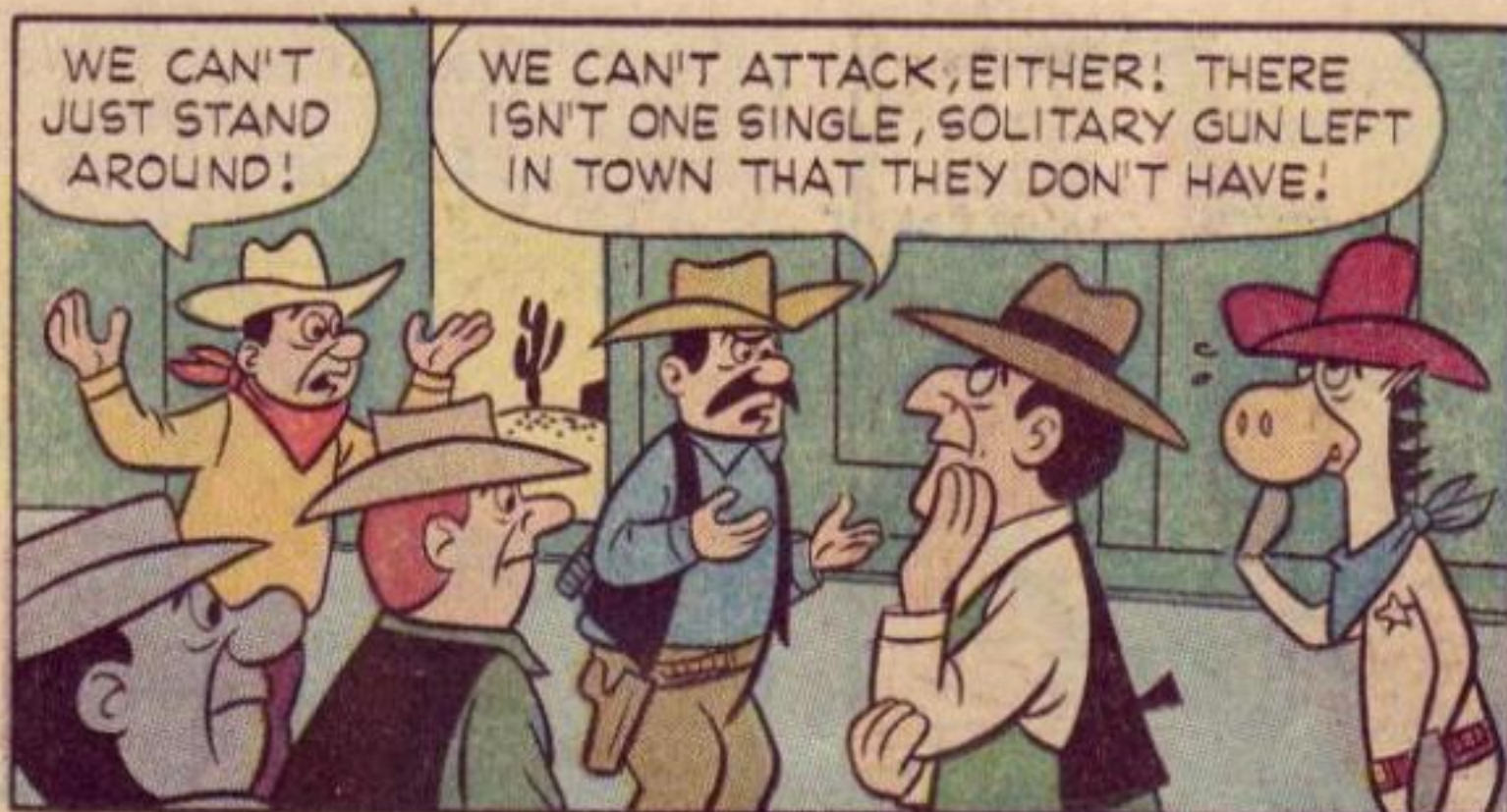
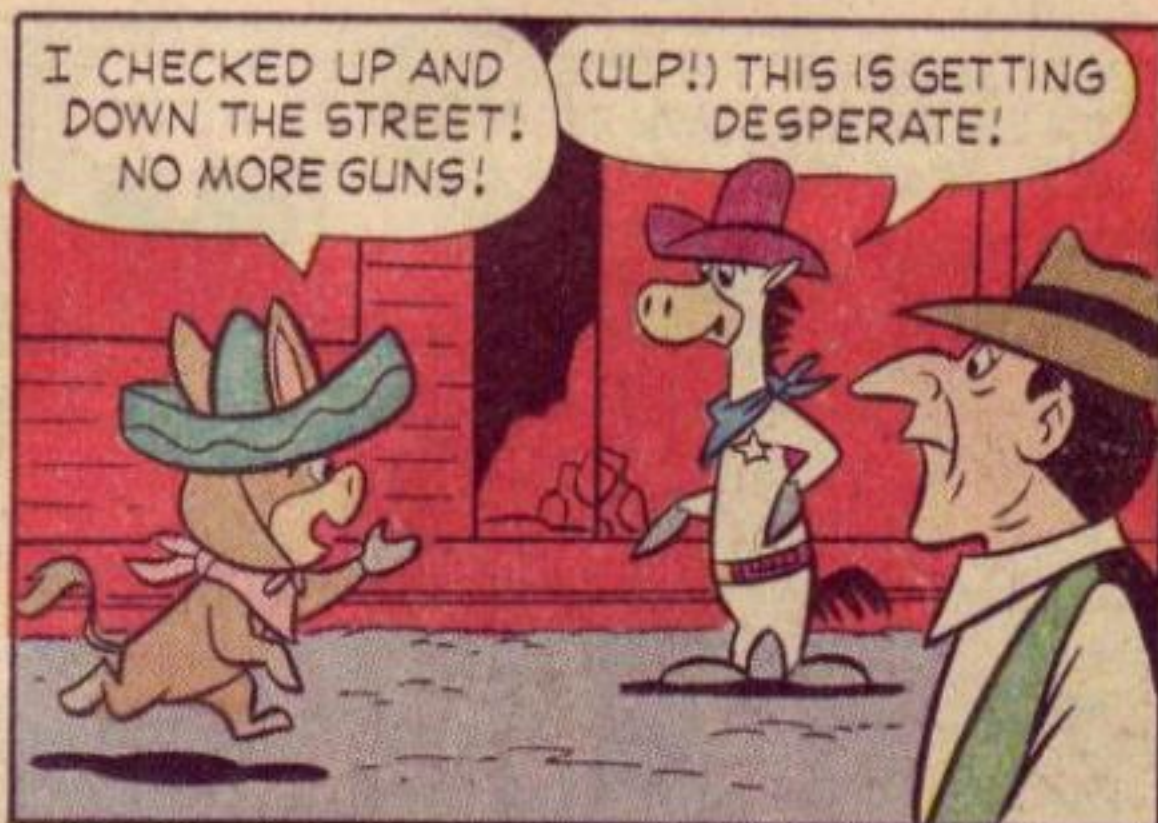














MINUTES LATER...





Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

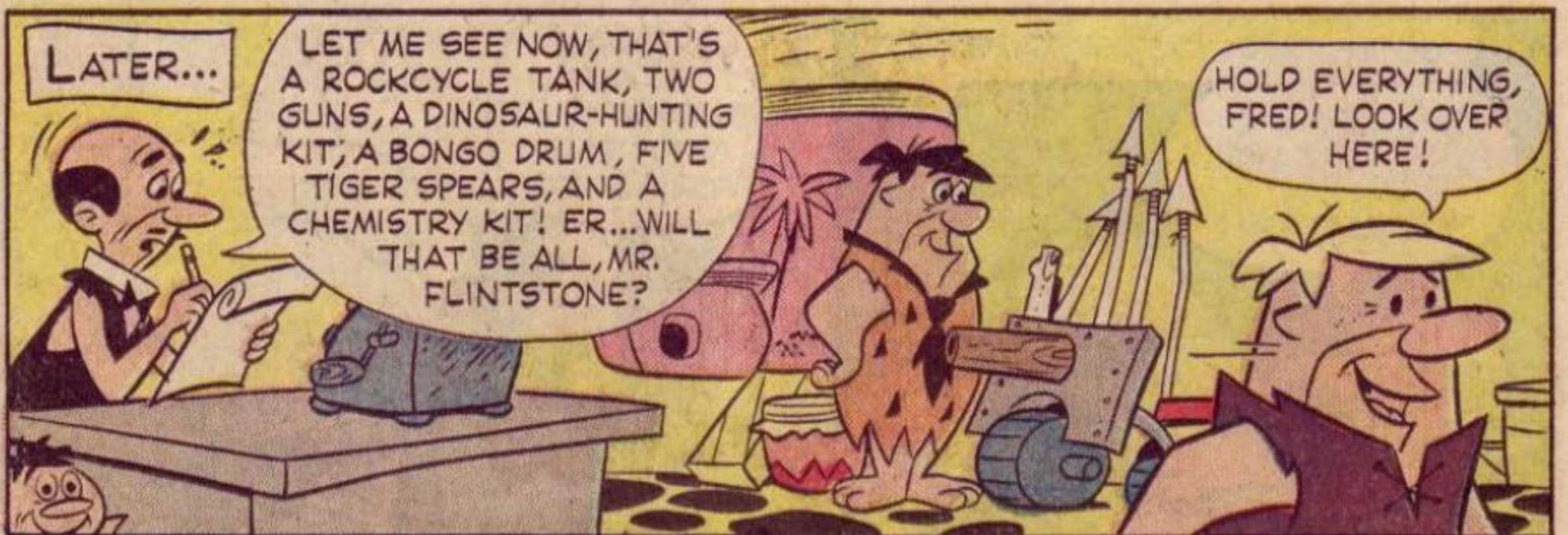
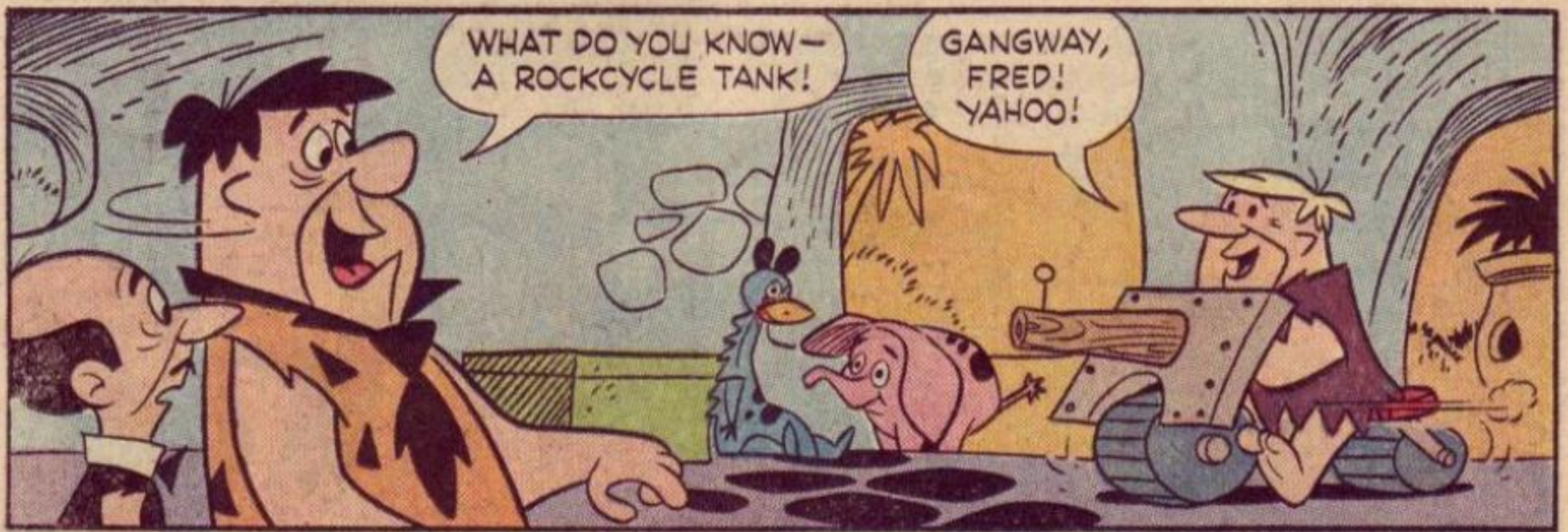
# FRED'S SECOND CHILDHOOD



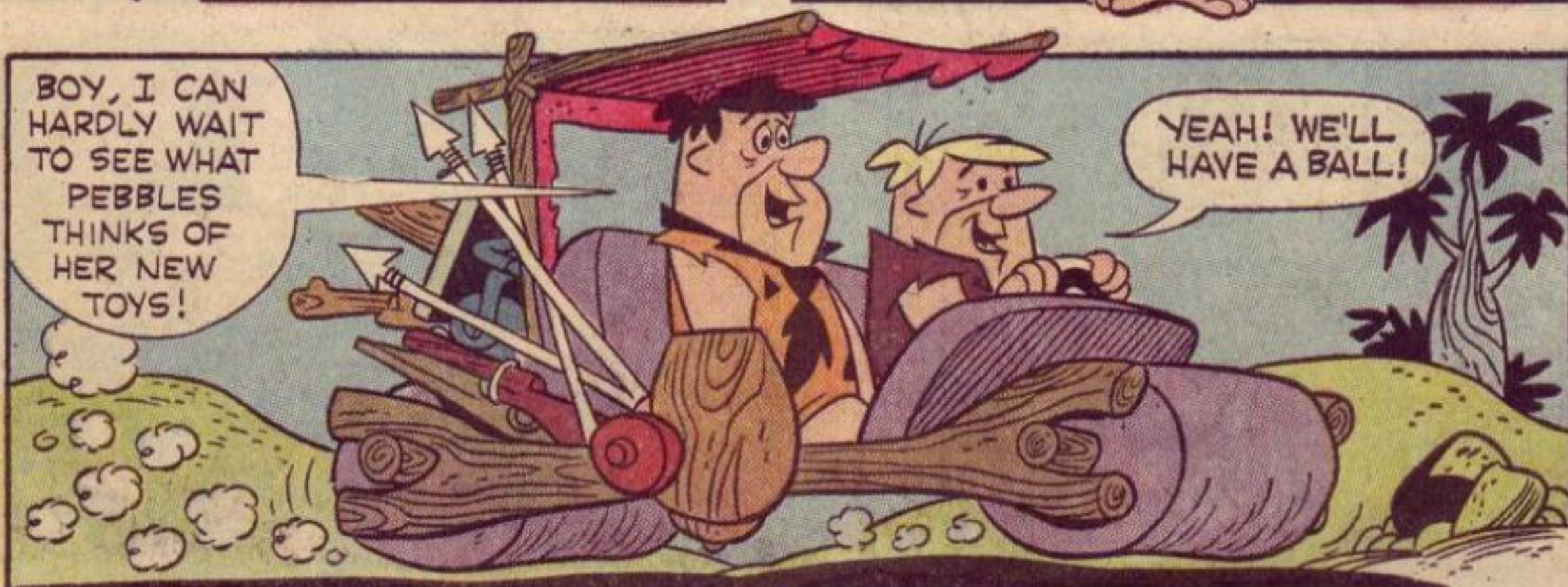
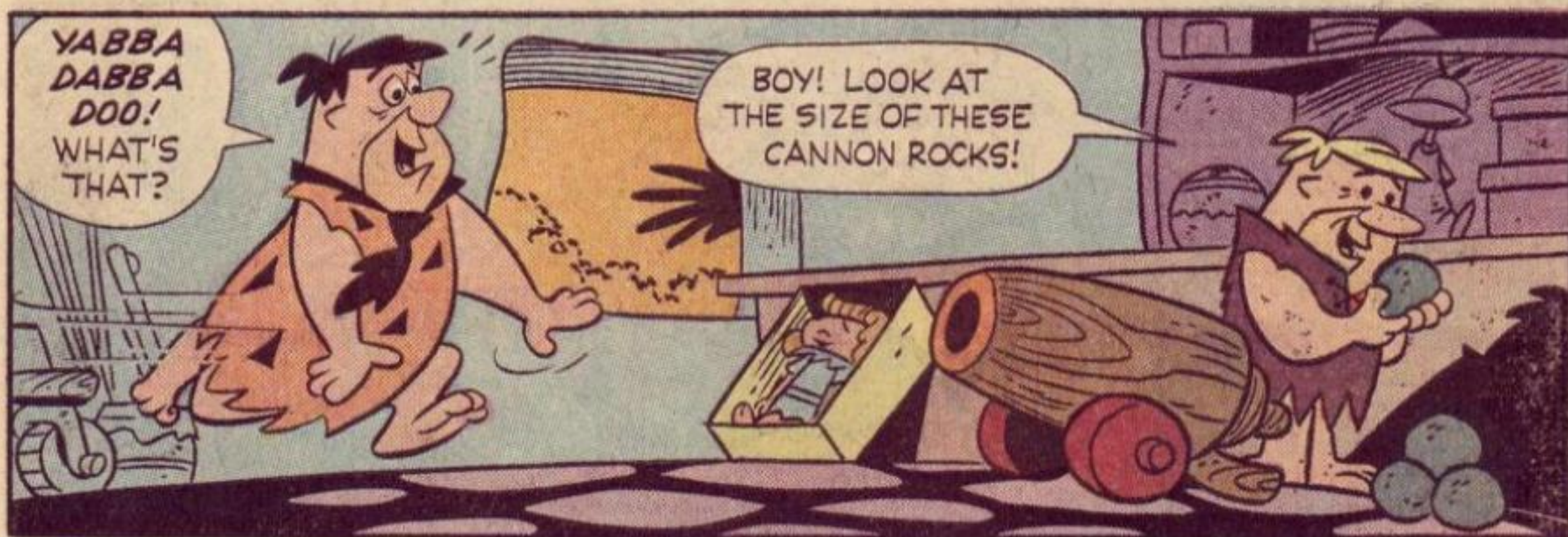












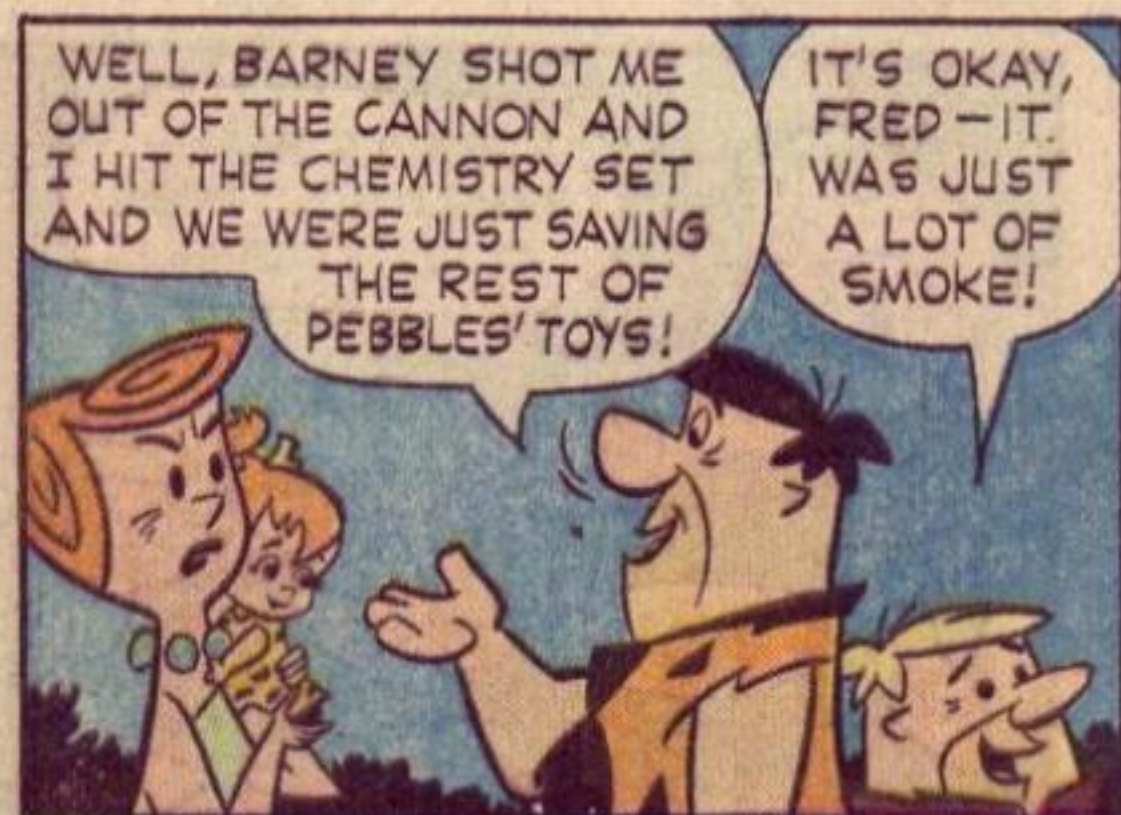








I'M TOO YOUNG TO BE A COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER!



IT'S OKAY, FRED - IT WAS JUST A LOT OF SMOKE!

THAT NIGHT...

DO YOU THINK IF WE WENT BACK TO THE TOY STORE AND BOUGHT SOME BABY RATTLES, WILMA MIGHT LET YOU IN?

ARE YOU KIDDING?





Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

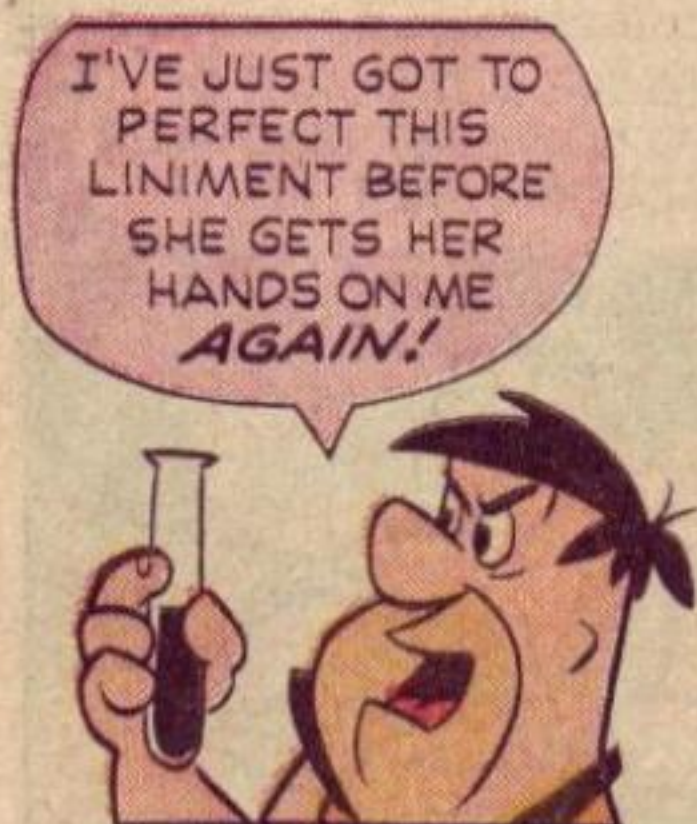
# THERE'S THE EASY WAY — AND THEN THERE'S FRED'S WAY



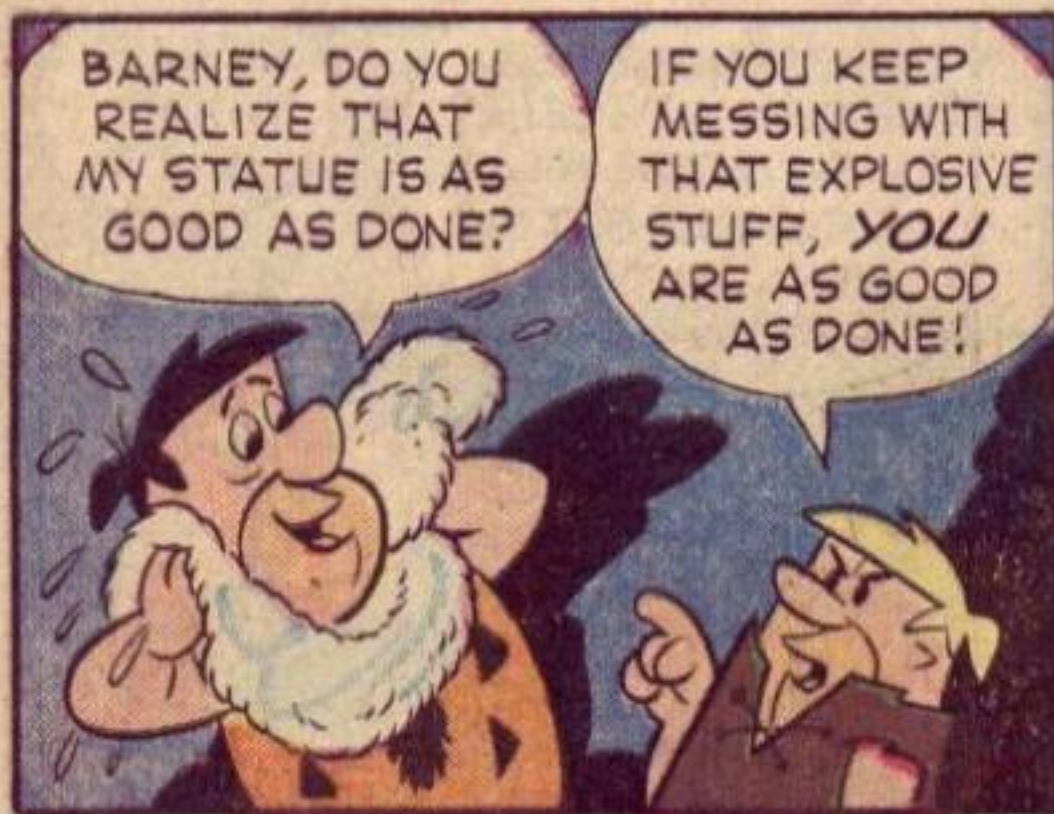




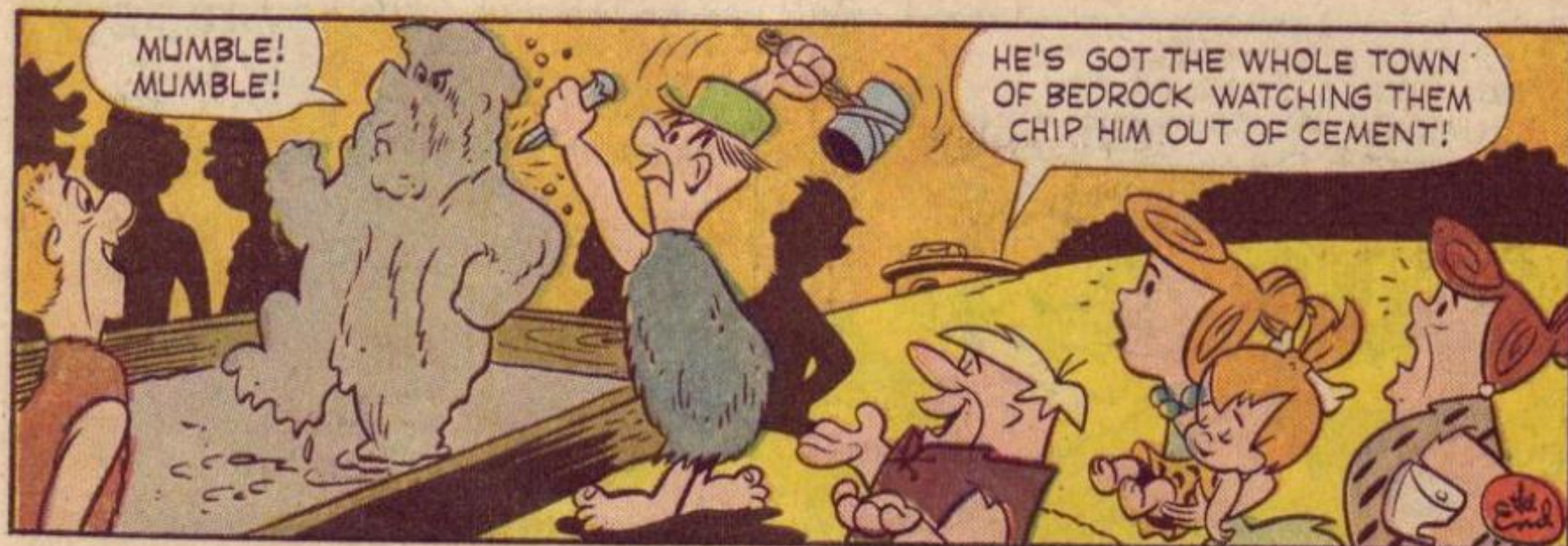
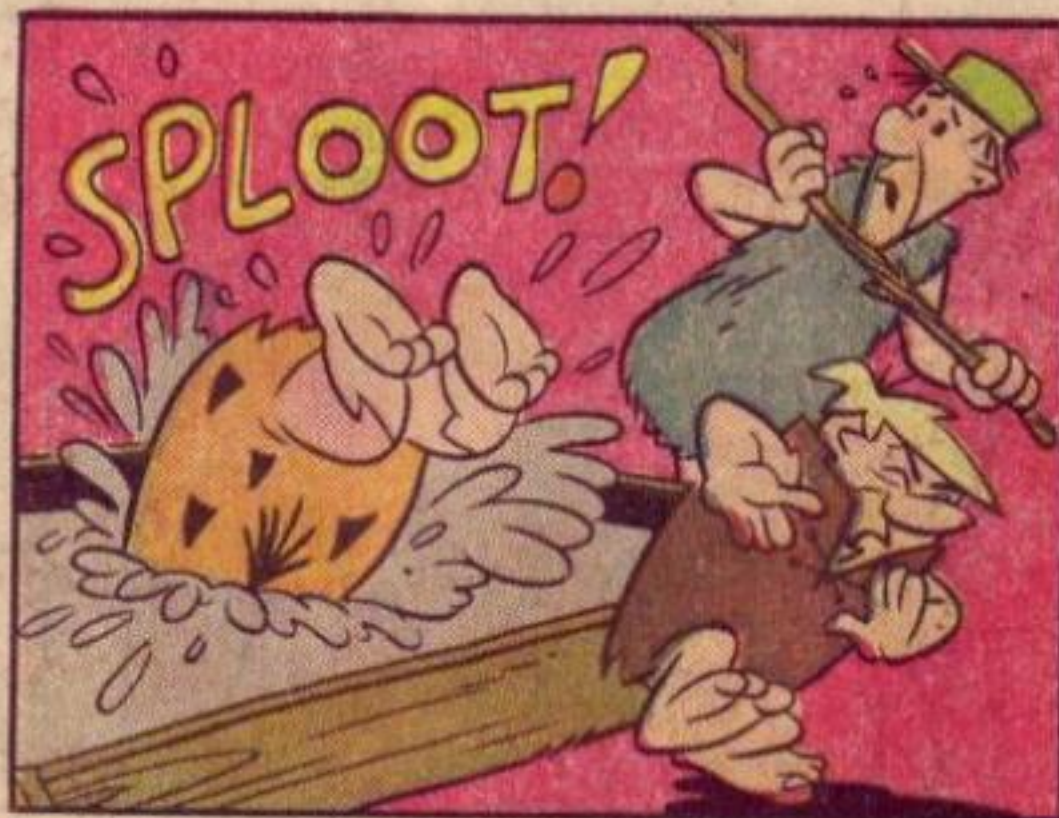
















KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

# FISH



Sculpins, singularly unattractive, have armored, spiny heads and bodies. At low tide they appear among weeds in rock crevices.



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Their mottled coloring blends with the bottoms where they lie in wait for small fish. Their big mouths snap open like a trap.

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